

THE FLIGHT OF SUMMER.

We talk of the beauty and freshness of the Spring, the wealth of life and beauty of the Summer; we love to dwell upon so much that invites on every hand, and we rebel when frost nips the buds and blossoms from under our eyes, and we mourn departed days; but do we not in all this forget the country to which we are going? We regretfully give up the fine house in which our childhood was reared: do we not forget there is a better mansion above? There is a strange incongruity, not to say inconsistency, in the regretfulness with which we are apt to look back upon the vanished past, only equalled by the indifference with which we regard the present and the persistency with which we ignore the future, — that great eternity which lies beyond and which we cannot escape. It is the poet who doubtfully exclaims:

“ Could we but know

The land that ends our dark uncertain travel,
Where lie those happier hills and meadows low,—

Ah, if beyond the spirit's immost cavil
Aught of that country could we surely know,
Who would not go?”

Is not this too much the feeling of the present day? We walk too little by faith, quite too much by sight. We read of a country where the Lamb is the light; of many mansions; of a place prepared; of a land where the inhabitants shall no more say they are sick; of perennial flowers; of overflowing fountains; of fadeless joys; of friendship never broken; of a love which waxes not cold; of foundations which cannot be moved: there is not a form of expression wanting to indicate the fullest joy, the most perfect peace, the perfection of blessedness, happiness without alloy, permanency and eternity without end, — all these are declared as the inheritance of those who by patient continuance in well-doing shall reap the reward of the just.

Then why should we regret a summer past, a birthday reached, or an anniversary which records the departure of some loved one? Let the Christian's regrets — except for his sins — be fewer, his hopes, his aspirations, his eager longings, more abundant. Let us not look behind, but before; not at the past, but the present; let us not me-

ditate on the years which are flown but on the present, of which alone we are sure, remembering that we own nothing here. Even of the poor tenements of our bodies we only have a life lease; and then with the flight of a few more summers and the ripening of a few more harvests we shall join the great harvest of the spiritual world. There is nothing behind us but a memory; our life work is ahead, for, —

“ We are on our journey home,
Where Christ the Lord is gone;
We shall meet around His throne
When he makes His people one,
in the New Jerusalem.”

— *Christian at work.*

THE FAMILY TIE.

When I was in Chamouni, Switzerland, I saw in the window of one of the shops a picture that impressed my mind very much. It was a picture of an accident that occurred on the side of one of the Swiss mountains. A company of travellers, with guides, went up some very steep places, places which but few travellers attempted to go up. They were, as all travellers are there, fastened together with cords at the waist, so that if one slipped the rope would hold him—the rope fastened to the others. Passing along the most dangerous point, one of the guides slipped, and they all started down the precipice; but after a while, one more muscular than the rest struck his heels into the ice and stopped; but the rope broke, and down, hundreds and thousands of feet, the rest went. And so I see whole families bound together by ties of affection, and in many cases walking on slippery places of worldliness and sin. The father knows it and the mother knows it, and they are bound all together. After a while they begin to slide down, steeper and steeper, and the father becomes alarmed and he stops, planting his feet on the “Rock of Ages.” He stops, but the rope breaks, and those who were tied fast to him by moral and spiritual influences once, go over the precipice. Oh! there is such a thing as coming to Christ soon enough to save ourselves, but not soon enough to save others. How many